

# Dr. Oats last Farewell to (181) ENGLAND

He went on Ship-board upon Sunday last, with fourscoure *Bums* to Attend his Sir-Reverence to *Stom-Bola*; where he's a going to be *Musty* to the Grand Turk.

A SONG To the Tune of the Loyal-Conquest or Law lies a bleeding,

**F**arewell to London,  
To *Trenchard*, and *Hamdan*,  
I have swore my Plotting Jump away  
Poor *Lying Oats* is undon.  
My *Bums* now do slight me,  
That used to delight me;  
For when I come full charg'd, at them,  
Like squalling *Cats* they fight me:

*For Peaching, and Teaching;  
For Blasphemy, and Preaching  
I like a Rogue must Run away,  
And Damn'd for ever Reaching.*

Oh! how things are alter'd;  
Since *Jesuits* I Halter'd,  
Since *Tap*, and I did foil the Crown,  
How all our *PLOTS* have faulter'd;  
My *Clyster-pipe* is Lowering,  
And stinks for want of Scowering;  
I must for *Turky* steer my Courle,  
And preach up, down-right Whoring:  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

*Bedlow* now is Rotten,  
And *Dugdal* is forgotten,  
My Plotting-Trade is at an end,  
All our *Cabals* are broken;  
Our Credit still is smaller,  
Like *Brasen Prance* the Bauler;  
There's near a Turk in all the Town,  
Dares cry out for a *Waller*:  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

*Tom* and *Gray* in *Trenches*  
For Treason small offences,  
I squeake about, to find 'em out,  
In holes amongst the *Wenches*;  
His Grace, did I but fear him,  
I'd pawn my Jump to clear him,  
He's clapt so close in *Venus Arms*,  
No Mortal can come near him,  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

My God *Mahomet* tells me,  
Their still in Town, and will be,

Like cursed *Cain* I must turn out,  
If here I stay, they'll hang me;  
Was ever poor *Imposter*,  
Expos'd to more Disaster,  
I often think to hang my self,  
To please *Old-Nick*, my Master:  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

*I* Thousands have jayled, •  
And scorn'd they should be Bayled,  
Swore men to Death, I never saw,  
That Magick now has failed.  
The Lords in the Tower,  
I had 'em once secure,  
Last Parliament loosing the heart,  
My *Oath* has lost its power:  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

Since first, I did discover,  
My Prayers I near said over,  
I took my leave of *Jesus Christ*  
E're I came from *St. Omer*;  
Nought but Ghosts and Quarters,  
Of mangled Priests and Martyrs,  
Appears before my eyes at nights  
And men Ty'd up in *Halters*,  
*For Peaching, and Teaching, &c.*

Farewell to *White-Hall*,  
Where Guards did me Attend all,  
And when they did not please me well,  
I wisht 'em hang'd and damn'd all,  
My Ten Pounds a Week too,  
'Zounds now tis all Due,  
Fiends and Furies help me Too't  
Or for the Plot i'll hang you:

*For Peaching, and Teaching;  
For Blasphemy and Preaching,  
I like a Rogue must Run away,  
And Damn'd for ever Reaching.*

FINIS.